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EPISTLE IN VERSE

TO HIS MOST SERENE HIGHNESS

THE DUKE

OF

ORLEANS.

BRITISH MUSEUM

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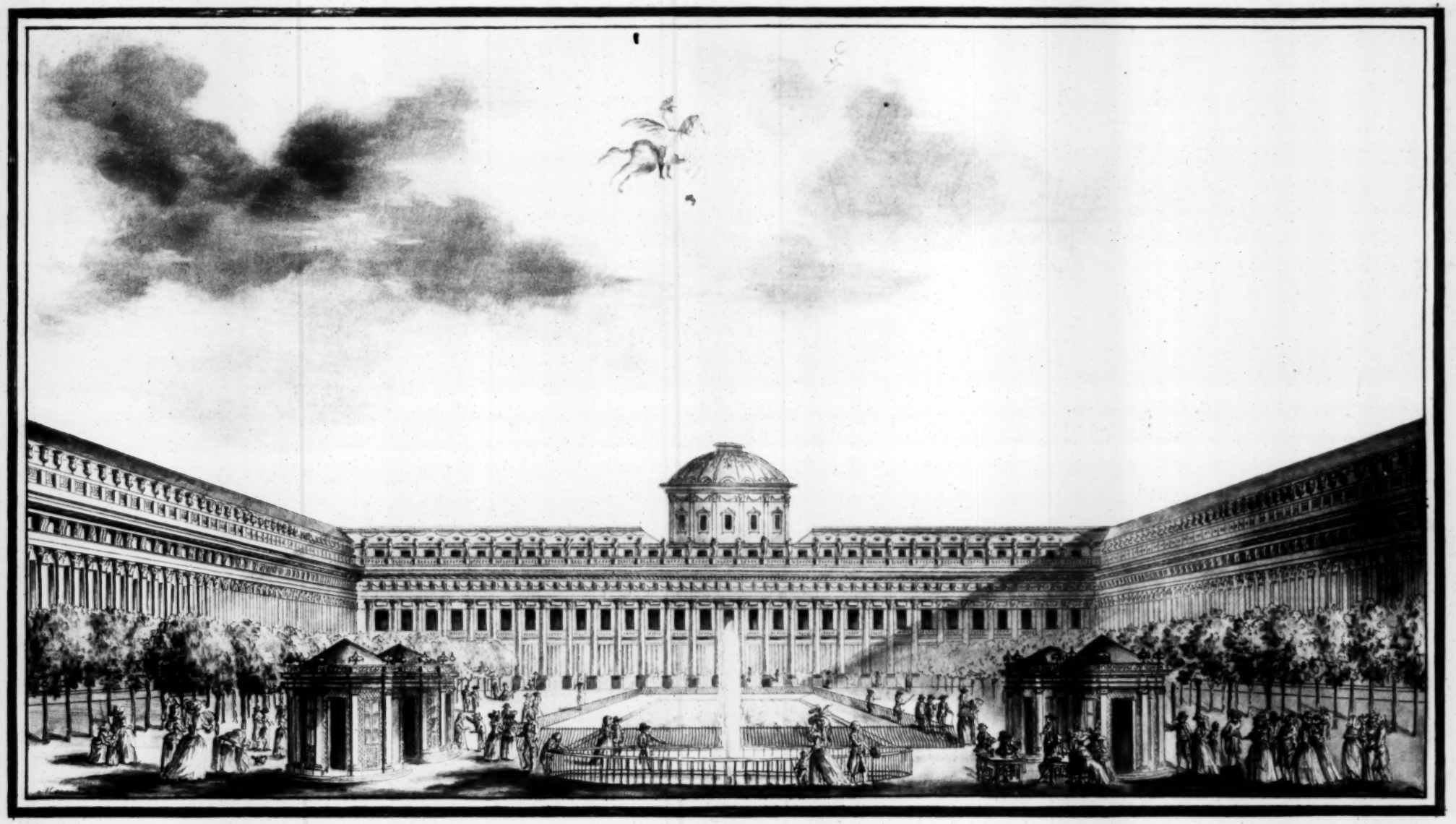

THE PALAIS ROYAL ,

In proud magnificence thy towers advance)
The modern Athens of embellish'd France (

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Nous admirons l'éclat, vains juges que nous ſommes;
Le véritable honneur, eſt d'être utile aux hommes.

Epître aux Peuples, THOMAS.

LONDON,

Printed for THOMAS PAYNE and Son, at the Mewsgate
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1786.

THE PALAIS ROYAL,

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Louis Philippe Joseph Duke of Orleans

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DEDICATED

TO HER MOST SERENE HIGHNESS

THE DUTCHESS

OF

ORLEANS.

THOU in whoſe worth imagination's loſt,
Pride of thy ſex, and virtue's pureſt boaſt;
Acknowledg'd model of domeſtic life,
The fondeſt mother and the tend'reſt wife;
Great Princeſs liſten to the muſe's lays,
And be thy ſmile her recompence and praiſe.

ON thee, ſuſpicion, ſpotleſs as thou art,
Aw'd by thy worth, ne'er aim'd the poiſon'd dart;
Or treach'rous obloquy ſeduc'd mankind
To doubt thy feelings, or diſtruſt thy mind.
Still in the midſt of fashion's gaudy train,
Virtue preſides and honour bids thee reign;
In ev'ry geſture dignity appears,
Each action wins us and each look endears.
Such is thy praiſe; and may ſome nobler lay
It's peerleſs luſtre to the world deſplay;
O'er human frailties dart the beam of worth,
And prove one perfect character on earth;
Teach us with purer ſentiments to glow,
And shun the glare of fashionable woe;
Shew birth and titles are at beſt a name,
But virtue crowns us with immortal fame.

WHAT thy own Duke with elegance combines,
His judgement fashions and his taſte refines;

With humble deference the muſe eſſays:
Smile on her toil and dignify her lays!
Adorn'd by thee each gath'ring shadow flies,
Her pinion ſtrengthens and her proſpects riſe.
So when by deep obſcurity conceal'd,
The flow'ry vale or tow'ring mountain's veil'd,
Loſt is the ſcene! till heaven's pervading light
Beams from the eaſt and diſſipates the night;
A broad effulgence ſpreads on ev'ry ſide,
And nature triumphs in reflected pride.

EPISTLE

TO HIS MOST SERENE HIGHNESS

THE DUKE

OF

ORLEANS.

THE Muſe, neglecting tranſitory things,
The glare of Princes and the pomp of kings:
Deluſive lights! That gleam on Lethe's tide,
And from the ſurface of exiſtence glide;
To nobler ſubjects tunes her choiceſt ſtring;
While truth directs and virtue ſpreads her wing.

Detailing hiſt'ry marks the little Great,
The wond'rous Nothings of the church and ſtate!
Fame, built on worth, a purer task inſpires,
Employs the ſoul and ev'ry feeling fires;
Diſpels the miſt that veils ambition's plan,
And gives a picture of *mankind to man;*
From private int'reſt ſprings to public views,
And points the line benevolence purſues;
Careleſs of malice claims the public voice;
Selects, confirms and celebrates her choice.

ORLEANS, to Thee, the lowly ſtrain I raiſe,
And yield the tribute of impartial praiſe;
For worth and action, not the pomp of birth,
Immortalize pre-eminence on earth.
The ſole advantage anceſtry can give;
Is but the ſcience how we ought to live;
The emulation to ſupport the name,
And nobly share our predeceſſors' fame.
Exiſting honours are deluſion's train,
The tranſient Iris of a moment's reign;

The dazzling meteor of a wond'ring age,
That ſinks or only brightens in the page
Of after times; to memory conſign'd,
Uncertain tablet of the human mind!
Tho' marble breathe and monumental braſs,
Defy the ruſt of ages as they paſs;
'Tis real worth muſt build the ſolid baſe,
Or time will ſoon ſuch vanities eraze;
'Tis public virtue bears the ſtamp divine,
Makes honours laſt, and deifies the ſhrine.

'TIS thine O Prince! with taſte ſupreme to reign,
To charm the heart, to lead the captive train;
Nobly to ornament thy native place,
With Arts and Science, elegance and grace;
Bid emulation riſe, encourage worth,
Genius reward, call modeſt merit forth. (1)
Such are the works philanthropy deſigns,
And ſuch the muſe to future time conſigns.

---

(1) His Serene Highneſs has ſettled liberal penſions on twelve perſons celebrated for their literary merit.

WHAT tho' the fate of ATHENS we deplore;
To duſt reduc'd, her monuments no more!
PERICLES ſtill the wreath of fame has won,
And tells poſterity how ATHENS ſhone.
So ORLEANS ſhall, tho' in the lapſe of time,
PARIS ſhould live but in the poet's rhime.
With matchleſs elegance thy ſtructures riſe,
Diſplay thy genius, and the world ſurpriſe;
In proud magnificence their tow'rs advance,
The modern ATHENS of embellish'd FRANCE. (2)

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(2) The Palais Royal, originally built by Cardinal RICHELIEU, and by him bequeathed to his Royal Maſter LOUIS XIII, received its preſent title when Anne of Auſtria, Regent of the Kingdom quitted the Louvre to eſtablish herſelf there, with the young King and the Duke of Anjou her ſons. Little of the old building conſtructed by Mercier exiſts at preſent. The exterior façade of the firſt court was decorated by Moreau, Architect to the King, when the Opera houſe was rebuilt after the fire in April 1763. The moſt celebrated Artiſts of every kind have been and are employed to render this Royal pile one of the moſt magnificent Palaces in Europe. The new buildings erected by the order of its preſent poſſeſſor, (a faithful repreſentation of which is given in the plate annexed) are after the deſigns of Louis, and conſiſt of one order only, embracing the whole elevation. Towards the garden it is ornamented with one hundred and eighty arcades, forming a magnificent Piazza, in the center of each of which is ſuſpended a *reverbere*; and between every two, riſes a fluted pilaſter of the compoſite order forty two feet in height; theſe ſuſtain a baluſtrade ornamented with vaſes which crown this ſuperb building, and render it juſtly the admiration of Europe.

Time

Time lends his pinion to illuſtrions worth,
And ſoars triumphant o'er the waſte of earth;
Expiring grandeur, to itſelf confin'd,
Sinks into duſt and leaves no trace behind;
What ORLEANS does ſhall charm the gazing eye,
And bid his name to future periods fly.
Fame ſhall diſplay the memorable plan,
And riſing Artiſts all its beauties ſcan.

NATURE'S prime law, a parent's care and love,
Whoſe nobleſt feelings in thy boſom move;
Next to mankind, deſerve the Muſe's page,
And ſtand unſullied in our tainted age.
To nature juſt and to thy duty true,
It's gen'ral ties are open to thy view.
When SPARTA'S Chief, AGESILAUS reign'd, (3)
The Monarch's care, the father's love reſtrain'd;

(3) Ageſilaus King of Sparta is repreſented as one of the moſt tender and indulgent of fathers. It is recorded of him that he frequently amuſed himſelf with his Children when young, in riding upon a ſtick; being one day ſurpriſed in this ſituation by one of his friends, he deſired him not to mention it, till he was himſelf a father,

Vide PLUTARCH, Life of AGESILAUS.

From regal pomp reliev'd, the King with joy
Would mount the wooden horſe to pleaſe his boy.
PHILIP, the boaſt of wiſdom and of fame, (4)
At once a learned and a warlike name!
Rejoic'd not more when heav'n his hopes increas'd
And gave the vaunted hero of the Eaſt;
Than when he had obtain'd to teach the youth,
The paragon of philoſophic truth.

ORLEANS, in thee theſe characters appear,
The choice of GENLIS proves a parent's care; (5)
Equal to ARISTOTLE'S copious mind,
His polish'd language, and his taſte refin'd; (6)

---

(4) *Vide* AULUS GELLIUS. Part of a letter from Philip to Ariſtotrle written immediately after the birth of Alexander: « The Gods have given me » a ſon, and for this favor I am not more thankful to them, than for giving » him in the days of Ariſtotle, becauſe I am in hopes that under ſuch a Tutor, » he will hereafter become an ornament to his family, and be qualified to » ſucceed me in the Kingdom ».

(5) This lady, the Counteſs of Genlis, Governeſs to the young Princes, and Princeſs, Children to his Highneſs the Duke of Orleans, is juſtly celebrated for her literary works, many of which are tranſlated into our language. Hayley has addreſſed to her a very elegant Ode, as a tribute due to her diſtinguished merit.

(6) He compoſed upwards of four hundred volumes. Dacier ſays, « he had » a penetrating genius, a ſolid judgement, an admirable method, prodigious » knowledge, and eloquence full of ſweetneſs and force ».

Superior far to all his fancied laws,
Which fetter'd nature, to ſupport his cauſe;
The child of true philoſophy, she views
The various paths to fame which man purſues;
Thro' ev'ry fibre penetrates the heart
And ſpreads its texture with that wond'rous art,
Which makes e'en nature reconcile the line
Of human knowledge with a skill divine.
Unclogg'd by pedantry's fictitious dreams,
Truth guides her pen, and from each impulſe beams.
In private life, of manners unconfin'd
By narrow views, she loves all human-kind;
And nobly riſing to the truth she gives,
Explains her doctrine, in the way she lives.
Nor art thou ORLEANS! partial; ſince the voice
Of public candour echoes to thy choice.
Paternal fondneſs to thy offspring shown
The Muſe inſpects not, nature claims her own;
But she with rapture ſees the whole unite,
The Prince's duty, and the father's right.

PERSUASION, melting on the human heart,
Has long inſpir'd us with each pleaſing art;

To ſocial pleaſures reconcil'd the ſoul,
And made her act as nature guides the whole.
Yet ſtill devoted to the jar of ſtrife,
Diſcord has treſpaſs'd on the ſweets of life;
Her blade is brandish'd for each trivial cauſe,
And ſlighted nature injur'd in her laws.
But lo! the time, when kindred ſouls shall prove
The ſofter blandishments of ſocial love;
Shall taſte the comforts friendship can beſtow,
And bleſs the man from whom ſuch bleſſings flow.

ORLEANS, 'tis thine, with penetrating eye,
To form the ſtrict indiſſoluble tie;
With gen'rous confidence to throw aſide
Like the firſt FRANCIS, prejudice and pride; (7)

---

(7) In the famous interview between Francis the firſt and Henry the eigthth, concerted by Cardinal Wolſey, that generous Prince full of honour himſelf, and incapable of diſtruſting others, was shocked at the precautions which were obſerved, whenever he had an interview with the English Monarch: the number of their guards and attendants was carefully reckoned on both ſides: every ſtep was ſcrupulouſly meaſured and adjuſted; and if the two Kings intended to pay a viſit to the queens, they departed from their reſpective quarters at the ſame inſtant, which was marked by the firing of a culverin, they paſſed each other in the middle point between the two places; and the moment that Henry entered Ardres; Francis put himſelf into the hands of the English at Guiſnes. In order

A brother Prince with open arms to greet,
And in the ſocial joy of friendship meet.

BRITAIN'S lov'd heir, whoſe ſentiments we trace
In ev'ry feature of his manly face;
Whoſe artleſs ſoul, as pains or pleaſures riſe,
Floats on his lips, or gliſtens in his eyes:
Sway'd by the deareſt impulſe of the ſoul,
Disdaining fashion and its vile controul:
With pureſt ſentiments who nobly glows,
Preſerves his friends and reconciles his foes;

---

to break off this tedious ceremonial which contained ſo many dishonourable implications; Francis took with him one day two gentlemen and a page, and rode directly into Guiſnes. The guards were ſurpriſed at the preſence of the Monarch, who called to them, *you are all my priſoners, carry me to your Maſter.* Henry was equally aſtonished at the appearance of Francis, and taking him in his arms, « my brother, ſaid he, you have played me the moſt agreable » trick in the world and have shown me the full confidence I may place in » you: I ſurrender myſelf your priſoner from this moment » he took from his neck a collar of pearls worth 15,000 Angels, and putting it about Francis's, begged him to wear it for the sake of his priſoner. Francis agreed but on condition that Henry should wear a bracelet, of which he made him a preſent, and which was double in value to the collar. The King went next day to Ardres without guards or attendants, and confidence being now fully eſtablished between the two Monarchs, they employed the reſt of the time entirely in tournaments and feſtivals.

To chaſte integrity directs his mind,
An throws off grandeur to relieve mankind,
Like glorious HENRY, whoſe untainted truth,
Repair'd the tranſient follies of his youth.
The Nations pride and joy: with warmth replied,
For ever ORLEANS be our ſouls allied:
Tho' future wars, our preſent vows oppoſe,
No future wars ſhall ever make us foes.

THUS ORLEANS too, with equal friendship fir'd
Addreſs'd the ſacred paſſion he inſpir'd.
In war or peace, in ſickneſs, health, or age,
Thro' ev'ry traverſe of life's tranſient ſtage;
The union form'd on this auſpicious day,
Reaſon confirms, nor time shall wear away.
Like pureſt gold theſe vows were ſoon refin'd,
By friendship urg'd, by dignity declin'd. (8)

FROM thy firſt viſit to the british iſle,
This dawn of happineſs began to ſmile;

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(8) Delicacy prevents the explanation of theſe lines.

Thy frank demeanour charm'd the gazing croud,
And like the ſun, diſpel'd the NORMAN cloud. (10)
Which long had wrapp'd each nation in its gloom,
And ſent the worthieſt heroes to the tomb.
Thy bright example bade diſtinction ceaſe,
Bade war and hatred yield to love and peace;
Repreſs'd the cank'ring venom of the mind,
And render'd man the friend of humankind.
Conduct like this BRITANNIA ſhall proclaim,
Applaud thy friendship and revere thy name.

THO' hoary time through haſt'ning ages fly,
And warlike triumphs in oblivion lie:
Tho' victʼry's monuments to ruin hurl'd,
Pronounce the baſeleſs follies of the world;
Yet public virtue ſacred honour gives,
And ſelf-exiſtent independent lives.

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(9) Alluding to the Norman conqueſt in 1066 by William the baſtard, Duke of Normandy, at which epocha, from a ſenſe of injuries, a rooted hatred took place, which in the time of Edward the third, blazed out into that memorable and deſtructive rivality which has continued ever ſince. The treaty of commerce now in agitation, between the two Courts, is undoubtedly the moſt rational means that can be adopted for ſuspending and annihilating that conteſt which has been the cauſe of ſo muche bloodshed and evil.

WHILE thy proud walls old ORLEANS shall remain,
While thy fam'd Maid, by ſuperſtition ſlain, (10)
Thy annals shall deplore; ſo long shall they
Thy Prince's vaſt munificence ſurvey; (11)
Record the num'rous manufactures brought
From foreign climes, by foreign workmen wrought,
Till by degrees they teach the riſing race,
And full of honours yield the toilſome place;
The old retiring on their penſions paid,
To thoſe aſylums, where with bounteous aid, (12)

---

(10) The Hiſtory of JEANNE D'ARC (Joan. of Arc) the maid of Orleans, who bore ſo great a part in the revolution of France at the time of the Regency of the DUKE OF BEDFORD is universally known.

(11) The orders and intentions of the Duke are, a canal from the City of Orleans to a canal exiſting of that name at twelve leagues diſtance. The continuation of a magnificent ſtreet called, rue Royale. The building of a theatre, manſion houſe, Chancellery &c. He has releaſed the market from the monopoly under which it long groaned and put it into the hands of the magiſtrates, and founded a drawing school for fifty boys natives of Orleans.

(12) Under the auſpices of their Serene Highneſſes, the Duke and Dutcheſs of ORLEANS, a Philanthropic Society has been eſtabliſhed in that City, for the relief of ſickneſs age, orphans and widows under certain deſcriptions; to which their donation is ſix hundred Guineas. In the courſe of ſix months it appeared by a recent publication, aſſiſtance had been adminiſtered to all the aged of eighty years and upwards, to all orphans, to all widows having two or more children, to eighty infirm perſons, and to one hundred and ſixty women in childbed.

The

The wretched laſt remains of life are bleſt,
With peaceful plenty and reſtoring reſt:
And when thy walls and annals are no more,
The ſouls of myriads ſhall his name adore.

THRO' all his vaſt domain the lab'ring hind,
No more oppreſt breathes forth the manly mind;
With ſturdy vigour plows the fertile ſoil,
Nor doubts the produce will reward his toil:
No griping lord he fears, for ORLEANS pours
A genial influence on his native bow'rs;
Calls into life, like april's ſoftning ray,
The buds of plenty from the cultur'd clay.
Induſtry there ne'er knows misfortune's frown,
His noble heart makes ev'ry loſs his own.
Each night the peaſant on his humble ſod,
Prays for his PRINCE the image of his GOD;
From him he holds what bounteous nature gives,
By him reliev'd, with happineſs he lives.

Independent of which, a ſpinning manufactory has been eſtabliſhed for the purpoſe of employing ſuch poor as are deſtitute of work, particularly women and children.

NOR shall the Muſe..... neglect to raiſe
For thee, the grateful monument of praiſe;
Thy genius, friendship, council, toil and care,
Deſerve the honours of thy Prince to share.
Happy the Prince whoſe ſofter feelings find
The gen'rous friend whoſe vaſt precurſive mind
And bounteous heart pervade and feel for all,
Whoſe hand relieves when dire misfortunes call.
WHEN HENRY'S ſuff'rings agonize the heart,
Who feels not SULLY bear an equal part?
When HENRY'S virtue's brighten in our eyes,
Who feels not SULLY in his boſom riſe?
United thus..... shall ORLEANS bleſs,
For either wanting, either would be leſs.

BE'T thine O! Prince to ſpeed the fav'ring hour,
When commerce shall extend her magic pow'r;
When BRITAIN shall with cautious GALLIA cloſe,
Unite their int'reſts and the world oppoſe:
Treaties, by wiſdom fram'd, shall break the chain
Which fetter'd commerce, nor shall proud diſdain,

Offspring of ignorance, of mien uncouth,
Reject the proffer'd intercourſe of truth;
By commerce blended and by int'reſt join'd,
The film ſhall vaniſh from the clouded mind;
Eſteem to enmity, bleſt change! ſucceed,
And thus fulfil what nature has decreed;
Rivals, not foes, each Nation ſhall go forth,
And emulate, not envy, mutual worth.

YET in this arduous task, this vaſt purſuit,
Where perils multiply, tho' great the fruit!
In the wide walk of politics, what ſkill,
Muſt guide the judgment and direct the will?
The ſoul attentive to her country's call,
Springs from her private views and ſcorns them all:
Impatient ſoars, with candour on her wing,
Adores her country and reſpects her KING.

SAGES beware, weigh well th'important cauſe,
Commerce alone can give to commerce laws;
Fetter'd ſhe flies, to liberty ſhe ſprings,
O'er the wide world expands her ample wings;

In ev'ry clime extracts the copious ſtore,
And bears her charge to freedom's happy ſhore.

To thee ſhe bears it, CHATHAM'S nobleſt HEIR,
And ſees it foſter'd with a CHATHAM'S care;
Who born a Miniſter, with ſteady ſoul, (13)
To check the bold, the turbulent controul,
Confound the factious by the force of ſenſe,
And parties join with Roman eloquence;
Increaſing glories round thy Temples play,
And bright ſucceſs crowns each revolving day:
From the new ſettlers in the ſouthern ſphere, (14)
Commercial Nations ſhall thy name revere;
This glorious treaty conſecrate thy fame,
And PITT exalt o'er ev'ry other name.

NOR let the muſe withhold her juſt applauſe,
Tho' EDEN chang'd, it was in virtue's cauſe;
Where could the man be found with head and heart (15)
To blend the patriot with the ſtateſman's part?

---

(13) Lord North's ſpeech, ſee debates in parliament.
(14) The colony to be eſtabliſhed in New Wales.
(15) M. Pitt's ſpeech, ſee debates in parliament.

BRITANNIA ſaw, the Goddeſs claim'd the man,
Let oppoſition blame him if they can;
The good will ever in the change rejoice,
A patriot's duty is his country's voice.

THE muſe impartial tunes her willing lyre,
Accords each ſtring, and breathes unuſual fire;
When worth and merit eminently ſhine,
Her language ſtrengthens, and her thoughts refine.
To thee, VERGENNES, whoſe comprehenſive mind
Graſps all the various int'reſts of mankind;
Weighs with preciſion ev'ry human plan,
And bounds the limits of ambitious man;
Like rapid light'ning ſees, reſolves and acts,
Aſtonish'd EUROPE chronicles the facts:
GENEVA ſav'd, the northern COURTS reſtrain'd,
The SPANIARDS aided, and the DUTCH maintain'd; (16)
While proſp'rous gales the num'rous fleets convey'd,
And the NEW-WORLD from deſtin'd bondage ſav'd;
By kind aſſiſtance, opportunely given,
Thou'ſt freed a world, and done the work of heaven.

---

(16) See the annals of the late war in ſupport of what is here advanced.

Fain would the Muſe the various war purſue,
Recount its heroes and their toils review;
The gath'ring proſpect crouds upon her eye,
And Fancy bids the floating colours fly.
High up in air she ſees the LILY ſpread
Its ſpotleſs honours at the battle's head;
High up in air the BLOODY CROSS is ſeen,
And fortune wav'ring in the doubtful ſcene;
MARS ſtalks along; the STRIPES in union move,
And proudly flutter with a country's love.
Such is the war. With conſcious awe we glance
And view the boaſted characters of FRANCE:
FAYETTE, DE BOUILLÉ, DILLON and JAUCOUR,
Whoſe merits render all deſcription poor;
Dauntleſs, unwearied to obtain their ends:
Victors, the people's judges, and their friends.
DILLON'S awards by THURLOW were rever'd, (17)
Impartial juſtice in each act appear'd;

---

(17) Lord Chancellor Thurlow obſerved upon the appeals made againſt Count Dillon's decrees when Governor of S. Kitts, that though they might appear to be determined on the point of the ſword, they were decided with the greateſt juſtice.

DE BOUILLÉ'S virtues ev'ry boſom fir'd, (18)
By BRITAIN lov'd, and by the WORLD admir'd;
GENEVA'S Council boaſts a JAUCOUR'S name, (19)
And the GREAT WESTERN WORLD LA FAYETTE'S fame:
Whom next to WASHINGTON in war they place,
And boaſt his virtue, courage, skill and grace.

NOW war ſubſides, its gloomy horrors ceaſe,
FRIENDSHIP appears, ſweet harbinger of peace:
Unweildy COMMERCE proudly ſweeps along,
Supporting and ſupported by the throng:
From her full hand the tide of plenty flows,
Increaſing by the plenty it beſtows:
Like NILE'S rich ſource, or JAMES'S richer mind,
Which flows, and leaves exhauſtleſs ſtores behind.

(18) Monſieur de Bouillé Governor general of the Weſt india Iſlands, under whom S. Kitts Granada &c. were taken, in a viſit which he made to England after the war, received the moſt unequivocal proofs of the nation's ſentiments, who were eager to show their gratitude by every mark of honour and reſpect; it could be equalled only by the acknowledgement with which [it was received and is remembered; the Author can bear witneſs to the latter who has heard the Marquis mention the politeneſs and friendship he received in England with the utmoſt ſatisfaction and complaiſance.

(19) Monſieur le Marquis de JAUCOUR, Commanded the French Army at the memorable revolution of Geneva in 1782.

Projecting ſtill the happineſs of man,
With thee conſults on her commercial plan;
By thy concurrence to augment her ſtore,
And make thoſe friends who were thy foes before.
For as two neighb'ring rivers in their courſe,
Whoſe nat'ral banks debar all intercourſe,
Join'd by canals, their kindred ſtreams unite,
Diffuſing riches, beauty and delight:
So ſhall this treaty happily diſpoſe
Thoſe hearts to friendship, much eſteem'd as foes:
BRITAIN and FRANCE no more breathe war and fire,
But peace and commerce be their ſole deſire.

NOR think thou ORLEANS, that the public mind,
Shall e'er forget the Boon by thee deſign'd:
That Boon which bade falſe prejudices ceaſe,
And pav'd the way for treaties, trade and peace.
The 'vent'rous merchant, emulous of gain,
Already ſeeks the wide extended main:
Inventive int'reſt animates the ſhore,
Employs the idle, and ſupports the poor.
The wines of France exhilerating flow,
Our nicer taſte bids future vineyards grow:

The

The FRENCH our british manufactures wear,
And Commerce riſes through the circling year.

OLD Father THAMES shall hail his ſiſter SEINE,
Their num'rous fleets shall plough the ſurgy main,
The cheerfull crews in loud huzzas shall riſe,
And echo ORLEANS through the vaulted skies.
So ſings the muſe: may heav'n ſupply the reſt,
And point how mortals may be truly bleſt,
Show that mankind have all one common end,
And HE'S the nobleſt, who is nature's FRIEND.

Some objections having been made to the aſſertion contained in the line, 266 of the poem. The author in vindication of the ſame; and to prove that neither prejudice nor partiality had any influence in this compoſition, begs leave to quote unqueſtionable authority; to aſcertain, that ſuch was the intention of goverment in the commencement of that mistaken and unhappy war; and that had they ſucceeded to enforce the right of taxation, for which purpoſe alone the war was undertaken, ſuch muſt have been the conſequence.

« My poſition is this, I repeat it, I will maintain it to my laſt hour; — » Taxation and repreſentation are inſeparable. — This poſition is founded on » the laws of nature; — it is more; — it is itſelf an eternal law of nature. — » For whatever is a man's own, no man has a right to take it from him without » his own conſent; whoever attempts to do it, attempts an injury; whoever » does it, commits a robbery; he throws down and deſtroys the diſtinction » between liberty and ſlavery ».

Lord CAMPDEN.

E N D.

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